

Virtues

by dirtbag

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Summary: One of the female hamsters offends boss, she doesn't know of the consequences.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*None of the characters in this story are owned by me. I use them under the condition that I do not claim them to be my own. Even characters that I may make up I do not claim ownership. If you like, you may use them in your own stories. You do not have to ask for my permission as my answer will always be yes. However, if you do use any of my characters or settings in your story, a little recognition to me would be nice. But you are not obliged to do so.\*\***

**\_\*\*Virtues Chapter**

**1\*\*\_**

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She looked at me with no care, no feelings or any regret. I cursed her mutely while fondling the dirk hidden in my hands. Regardless of whether she knew it, her words had disgraced me beyond contemplation, beyond my virtue of good-will. The shining dagger within my eyes was staring blackly at her face, forever hoping an evil demise to her blissful happiness.

But when would the morality of my thoughts go further than the recognition of my virtues? She did not even know that she had manipulated my thoughts and tormented the values of my mind. Though she would have to pay for the unknown extremities she expressed to me. If I did nothing, she would again trot along the plague of memories within my mind. I must get to her soon. I am Boss.

Only at this point did I actually realise Hamtaro was speaking to me. "â€|so if we repaint the clubhouse red, how much better would it look Boss? Or, how about pink or, or blue, green maybe?" His voice

interrupted my thoughts, further igniting the corruption of my virtue. I couldn't unleash my anger on Hamtaro, he did nothing to deserve it.

"Maybe a sort of pale-white for the upstairs, and perhaps a darker tone on the bottom." I spoke my reply with a steady tone so as he would take no notice of my cold thoughts. Yet they were still consuming me, I hearkened attentively to hear his words.

"Cool, I'll go ask Bijou, she might have some idea's." He gave me a happy smile, my heart became heavy through the thought that my actions may deeply hurt the ham-hams. I aggressively shrugged it off, storming from the clubhouse in a silent rage.

The usual familiar noises of the park and fellow ham-hams has never sounded so obscure. It gave an impression of love, of happiness. These were false impressions. I could not bear to have the noises continually attacking my ears. The river was a stones-throw distant. I walked in a quick stride, when I reach the damp banks I threw my head into the water. That got rid of the noise, I kept my head submerged for minute, not breathing and letting the currents sooth my head, my thoughts and my virtues.

As soon as my ears came to surface, the noises came back; they were everywhere around me. I glanced behind me, and sure enough; the ham-hams were beginning to depart home to their owners. My thoughts kept within the boundary of my mind as I walked to them.

Bijou was flirting with Hamtaro, Pashmina playing with her scarf with Penelope. Sandy was chatting up Maxwell whilst everyone else was talking amongst themselves.

"Bonjour Boss, I have not seen you for a while, are you alright?" Bijou's voice strung high notes in my ears. I cared not for her anymore, my reply was in vain. "Yes Bijou I'm okay so you and Hamtaro are walking home together then?"

"Umm, oui, yes, moi and Hamtaro are going home at ze same time, so we might az well walk togezer"

It figured. As I grew distant from Bijou, Hamtaro gets closer. I don't care anymore. "Alright, be safe. It's dangerous on the roads. At least you're both walking together, you shouldn't have any troubles." If they did have any trouble, with any one, at any time. Rest assured. I would be a murderer.

Howdy and Dexter were having their usual bitch, and Stan was trying to chat up Pashmina. They were sluts, all of them, relationships, sex, whatever else they do. I don't care about, nothing will deter me from my goal.

Needing something to do; I examined the relationships in which they all had with each other. With me.

I watched the sun slowly disintegrate into the mountains in the background, few hams took much notice of it. Those who did at least had some appreciation of life. Yet I still doubted whether any of them deserved much life at all.

I noticed Sandy at my side, Maxwell must have left. She was looking

in the same direction as me. "Hey Boss, it looks beautiful doesn't it. But sometimes it's hard to notice it." She paused to look at me. Her eyes connected with mine. It couldn't meet them. I glanced hastily at the floor while she continued to try to look into my eyes. I realised, who does not deserve to look at whom? Do I not deserve to look at her? Or does she not deserve to look at me?

I think she noticed I could not bear to meet her eyes. She turned away to make me more comfortable.

"Hey sis." The voice I knew well. Stan.

Sandy walked over to him to answer his calls.

I was alone again. I am always alone. Perhaps it is only the darkness in my past that drives me to always being, somehow, directly or indirectly caused by me, to be alone. Still, I didn't like the feeling of emptiness, currently surrounding me.

Pashmina was walking by while trying to avoid the awkward questions of Howdy and Dexter. She wasn't even looking where her feet were taking her and she walked right into me. She fell backwards. Me, being the large, rock that I am, was not pushed the tiniest bit. But that was no excuse for knocking Pashmina over.

Howdy and Dexter collided with each other trying to rush forward to pick her up. I grasped her hand even before she could recognise what had happen. Her hands were warm and dry. Not cold and sweaty like mine. I pulled her from the ground and stood her on her feet.

" Oh, sorry Boss. I umm, err wasn't looking were I was going."

"Simple mistake, sorry to be in your path."

I expected her to laugh, or give me a smile. No, she walked away. To where she was walking before she had barged into me. So what? What do I care?

Time passed the sun had set. It gleamed red, yellow, and orange in my eyes. I didn't even blink. When they all were starting to leave; I took up the dirk and clenched it in my paw. Blood ran down my to my wrists and past my elbows. I didn't even feel the pain, let alone the blood.

It was  
time.

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\*\*Curse me all you like in your replies. However, if your reply is negative, at least give a reason for it to be so. If you have a negative reply without a reason, I will not respond to it, well...not individually anyway. People how do, do this however. Fuck You\*\*

\*\*I will always respond "nicely" to "nice" reviews.\*\*

Sorry for the wait.

**\*\*DolphinAngel 14 \*\***- Thanks, and yes, that's what I aim for in my writing. That poetic style is my edge.

**\*\*XxFadingAwayxx - \*\***Glad you like it, and you'll just have to read on and see what happens.

**\_\*\*Virtues Chapter  
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My Scarlet wrists occupied no space of my mind. My sullen eyes watched her moved. She still did not even sense how tense I was around her, or how she had corrupted my heart, my mind, my virtues. Salt formed at the edges of my eyes. I hadn't blinked for minutes. I was always looking to her.

I know she had no idea. I could always register the slightest evidence, of any sort of tensity, in any situation. She only showed me her relaxed lifestyle and careless traits. Few minutes ticked by before she had left my sight. The hams and I were just outside the clubhouse on the cool, fresh grass. They had departed for their homes and to their owners.

The last Ham out of my sight was Sandy. Her ponytail swung elegantly behind her. My eyes ticked over her relaxing image. When she too, was out of my sight, I looked down at my hands. The dirk I had been clutching previously left deep cuts in my hand. The blood had flowed to my wrists and beyond. I looked like an idiotic killer. Hurting for no reasonâ€¦I had a reason.

My paws took me along the path she had been walking last, it hasn't even started yet. But I feel black in my heart. I would gravely hurt her. But I will only hurt her to what extremities as to which she has harmed me. Then so perhaps she will know through receiving this harm she will note my harm.

I loved her, I loved all of themâ€¦not in a professional manner, strictly through my thoughts and observation of them. I grew to deeply love them. They were close to my heart, to the very centre, of my virtues. But she was past the centre, and past my contemplation. So she would know, eventually.

Darkness leaped into the sunset. So the moon came to be my guide. I was not far from her, not within the proximity of my eyesâ€¦ but close any how. Pebbles beneath my paws tumbled over one-another. Gradually the strength of my kicking increased, and I kicked the bigger stones. Surely she heard those, she would now know she was being followed. I quickened my strides, as I knew her pace would quicken. And, obviously, with my stride increase. So the strength of my kicks, and so then, the noise increased.

Her fear was on the tip of my noise, trying to get away. She wouldn't get far. As my thoughts fermented, my idea's grew with their complexity. I reached a sort of crossroad, with a straight road in front of me, and an alleyway to both, my left and right. Knowing that she lived North-East of this crossroad, I took the alley to my

right.

I knew that she went straight, her scent became diluted on my nose. So I would cut her off a few minutes before she reach her home. The safety of her home was my true enemy. I was fast, even my shadows trailed behind me. My thoughts failed to keep up with me. I had to slow down. I had, surely, by-passed her a long-time ago.

After some time I had reached her house. And lost herâ€|

I had been running so quickly to think, well, think properly anyway. I hadn't even noticed she had went a different way. I couldn't smell her at all. Her unique smell. Her peaceful smell. Her smell of fear.

I sprinted vigorously to the nearest building. It was a tall house. Very tall, it cast darkness over everything. I touched the wall of it with my paw and tried to climb it. It was difficult. It was taller than most high-rise apartments in the middle of the city. When I reached the top I ran to the opposite side and scanned the horizon.

Nothing, no smell, no sense and no scent. I went from one building to another to find my darling prey.

My search took me well into the city. Finally, above a moderate sized structure. I smelt it. The faint smell of fear.

I loved the smell, it told me she was scared to death. Frightened for her life. And she was still, frantically trying to get away.

My search for her, the running, the climbing. It had left my feet and paws red and bleeding. My hands were already bleeding from holding the dirk, but the search had increased its blood flow.

I leaped from the building to the cold ground. My jump had splashed it scarlet with blood. There I followed the scent. Againâ€| the same events as before happened. Just continually following the scent and making her too terrified to look behind every corner.

Soon enough I was at her side, yes, literally next to her. But, there was a concrete wall dividing us. Large, hard, and tough. It went endlessly. I began to climb it. The wall was not like the other ones. It was smooth and slippery. I punctured my nails tightly into it to be able to scale it. Ha, more contribution to the blood on my paws.

The top came to me in a midst of deep concentration in my search. I walked silently along the top. She walked frantically below.

I had to make her feel pain, I was not a murderer. Not literal pain. But pain, and emotions of what would happen to her. I do not intend to hurt her.

If I jumped down, she would immediately notice me. I plucked one of the damaged fingernails from my paw. I threw away to her left, I was on her right. When she looked away to find what had fallen I aimed to jump down as silent as I could, so as she would not notice me.

She looked back towards her original direction and walked right into

my gaze. We were less than a centimetre away from each other. She bellowed an ear-piercing scream that came right from the very centre of her lungs. Or, she would haveâ€¦ If I hadn't put my hand across her mouth to make sure no one heard.

I looked deep into her eyes and heart. Pashmina's heartâ€¦ Yes, Pashmina

I wondered what she was thinking. Did she think I was going to kill her? Or was I mugging her? Perhaps she thought I was simply walking the same way and that she had simply just "bumped into me".

None of these were acceptable.

I put my hand to her throat, but I did not clench it. Instead I pushed her onto the icy ground below her.

' Please, B-B-Boss. What's wrong ? W-Why are you doing this?' She sobbed at me. ' Don't rape me, Please Boss. Please!'

Rape. Rape? She thought I wanted to rape her? That was another one of the biggest insults anyone had ever given me. She would feel that pain as well. I picked her up and made her feel she was about to die. With tormenting her, I had chance of changing her pervicacious way of living. Of destroying me.

Whenever I picked her up I would throw her back down again. Whenever she tried to run I would simply push her against the wall and then throw her down again. Hours went by. My effort was contempt. I kept going until I simply stopped, sank to my knees and dropped her, I gave her the opportunity to flee. She did not.

Bending down to me and looking me in the face; Pashmina held my hand and looked into my eyes, I rested my eyes on hers. Dried salt in the corners of her eyes showed she had been crying. I was wrong, she cared deeply for my virtues. I was scorned that I had did so much to her, when she actually understood me.

She nodded, I nodded. We both got up and she broke the contact of our watery eyes. I felt like ending the story, the corruption of endless memories and

As her eyes departed the loving gaze, I stared blankly at the empty place she had left me. I was up to my neck with continuos thoughts and emotions rushing to the back of my mind. Bottled there for so long they had finally exploded. I punched the wall that was next to me. The very same which I was perched on, angrily stalking Pashmina. My knuckles shattered, spilling the contents of them over the cement.

The agony of the blow I gave the wall blew my hardy discipline. I yelled for hell, for more pain. I punched the wall again, with the same knuckle. I emptied the remnants over the old blood and gore I had already placed on the it. I Turned away from the wall and collapsed into a sitting position.

For a second I felt nothing. Until I saw the red spilled over the ground. I had sat in a position that allowed the dirk the I safeguarded in the pockets of my fur, the chance to plunge directly into my stomach.

I stayed there bleeding. Waiting, but for what? I didn't care anymore.

But still, it was not quite over yet. This would have to have a ending that suited my wellbeingâ€|

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I'll see if I can update sooner this timeâ€| but I can't really promise you too much. I'm not reliable with that updating thing.

### 3. Chapter 3

**\_XxFadingAwayxx \_**\*\*Yes, I tried my best to detail the moment there with Boss and Pashmina, I appreciate your positive reviews.

**\_DolphinAngel 14 \_**\*\*Thanks, and hopefully you'll like some of my other angst stories once I create them, but I'm not too worried about them just yet. I think I'll try my hand at a romance next.

**\_Gamer Lioness \_**\*\* I'm not much of a Hamtaro fan either, but I used to watch it a lot when I was younger so I have a good understanding of the characters and settings. And as to what Boss' virtues are, read on and see. And your comment about the people who intend on naught but insults was okay. I never even reply back to anyone who is purely bent on a negative aspect on my work and doesn't focus on the good points of a story, oh well, they're just wasting their time.

**\_Virtues Chapter  
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**\*\*PART 1:\*\***

I put my face in my hands and wondered the lonely path of my mind. Silently thinking of how frightened I made Pashmina, and remembering her eyes. The eyes that told me she understood me. It had left a dark imprint of her in my head. Deeply drilled, forever in the back of my skull.

I placed my, now life-less, bloody hands underneath my stomach, clasped the blade of the dirk and thrust it out of my flesh. I supported myself on the concrete wall behind me that I had been sitting against, with my hand, and pushed myself off the ground with the other. I wasn't conscious of my blood-loss, or my pain. I simply put one foot ahead of the other and staggered blindly into my surroundings.

Whether or not I collided with anything, it didn't stop me. I was to busy battling my thoughts. My virtues are the values of my mind. I would have thought to believe Pashmina almost destroyed them. Forcing me to haplessly take the outcome of my apparent revenge. I had been obsequious to the fact that it had back-slashed me. So now the

corruption of my virtues was more likely to have been caused by me than Pashmina.

The stray, lonely path that I followed, in my head, and the one being trotted on by my feet, seemed endless. Its obscurity drove me to insanity. I knew the path home, but why should I further degrade myself by conceding defeat? I had given my obeisance to Pashmina, by allowing her to get away from me. Still, I needed her. Not for my revenge; I had already taken that upon myself. But to alleviate my loneliness, and cure the burden of my pain.

Sure enough, my path became obstructed by a quick-flowing river. I should have known I couldn't have walked in the same direction forever, without anything stopping me. It was a little downhill from me, the water was clean so I crept down to the banks to wash the blood and filth from my fur. The water was like ice, it almost froze the blood in my veins. I got out of the water and stood dripping on the grass. I stood there remembering Pashmina, hours went by. The water went right through my fur and chilled my heart. The breeze laid a cooling blanket of fog around me.

Eventually, I sighted the sun, budding through the trees. It finally put some warmth on me. Soon the hams would arise from their snug beds of hay and wood-shavings and come looking for me. I couldn't pretend that nothing had happened but what was stopping me? Pashmina was.

I could never approach her affable face, or her affectionate stare after this. Could I?

When the last few droplets of water had evaporated from my skin I resumed my heavy walk. A few Kilometres short of the clubhouse, I veered west to avoid it. I walked through some trees and bushes, only to find Sandy and Maxwell walking together in my direction. I couldn't let them see me. Yet I didn't have to fear much. They were too diligent with each other to notice me.

I dived clumsily into the nearest bush, it was fairly large, prickly and leafy, so it was a good place to conceal myself. Sandy and Maxwell stopped right in front of my bush and then looked at each other in their eyes. Maxwell whispered something gently while Sandy gave him a faint smile. Maxwell, being the tallest of the two, slowly bent over to kiss Sandy on her mouth. Sandy returned the kiss. It was good they were kissing so amorously. They would not be distracted by the fact that I was hiding in the bush directly in front of them.

When their lips departed one another's, they stayed there and stared each other in the eyes. Both were gently smiling at each other. It was difficult to not see that these two obviously had a great connection, and were not afraid of being a couple. But it didn't help when Sandy said "Hey, lets take a short-cut through here." She indicated the path through my bush and beyond with a nod in my direction. Then they took-off.

I didn't have the time to get out of the way. Before I could even get off the grass; Maxwell stepped through the leafy overhead and kicked my nose. Quickly, I scuttled away and dived into a slope that went downhill. Hopefully Maxwell thought that he had kicked a rock, or the trunk of a tree, and would not come investigating in the small valley



I was currently concealed in.

I rolled down the sides of the valley and ended up at the bottom as a mud-covered fiend, lying face down in the dirt. I made my decision there, it tore my heart in more than two pieces, and felt like drowning myself in the mud for saying this. But, I would have to return, get my stuff. Then walk out of my friends lives, forever.

Some of them were already taking the trip to the clubhouse, so I would have to make haste on my departure from them quickly and quiescently. That was how I can to be sprinting at my full pace through my surroundings. Pushing my edge further than the far distant ends of the ocean, and more swiftly than can any will to love.

Through a park, more thick than a forest I was running through, and the bushes and small plants were dying out fast, and so was my disguise. I ran to a old, bleak oak tree. It scaled over me in a midst of darkness and shadow. Yet a put a paw to its dry bark and dug into it, what nails I had left from climbing that cement wall last night. I ascended the tree with more difficulty than any of the buildings.

I did not need to get to the top of it, just a high up branch. I pushed myself onto the branch and walked along it with and en-even balance. Towards the end of that branch came the branch of another tree. I leaped from my position to that branch. Leaves scuttled off of both sides in my attempt. They dangled loosely in the open sky before gloomily falling to the far-down ground.

I continued this for about half an hourâ€|that was until I ran out of trees to jump onto. I had travelled quite a distance, but there was still a bit to go. I knew I went quickly because I passed Sandy and Maxwell, Oxnard, and Stan, all in that time period, and none of them guessed to think that I was jumping from tree to tree ten metres above them.

I descended the tree I was currently on. I hit the ground, hard. Then rushed past the scenery, bush through bush, tree through tree. I came to another oak tree, like the one I climbed earlier. I ran over the roots that were showing atop the ground to come to the base of the tree. I knew, hidden, was the entrance a long, ascetic tunnel that I had built. One like the one I used for the clubhouse. The entrance was hidden by a large, bulky stone I had placed there. Knowing that most hamsters could not lift that weight; I was content with this.

I moved slinkily so I would not attract someone to investigate the means of me pushing the rock. The soil around the tree had been dry and cracked. So when I rained a few days ago; it made it slippery, so I could push it out of the way with ease. It left deep cuts in the earths surface. I came out and fossicked the my surrounding area. I came across a large branch. It was rough, hardy and a bit uneven, it was larger at one end than the other. Much like a club.

I took it into the tunnel with me. No sooner than when I was through the entrance I turned around and swung ferociously at the roots of it. I ran it down with my strength until the whole entranced collapsed around me. I put the club above my head to protect myself from falling rocks.

There, now no one would be able to follow me.

**\*\*PART2:\*\***

Continuing into the dark, gloomy tunnels. Most would have no way to navigate my peaceful, usual undisturbed tunnel, but years of going through the darkness of the night had enhanced my vision. I glided through the tunnels with ease, the concept of darkness to me, wasn't the least bit frightening.

I wondered what would happen if I arrived at the clubhouse too late, stormed in, then found Pashmina waiting for me? I would probably collapse and kill myself. Hmm, that didn't sound too bad. Death was presumptively the alternative solution for me.

But what if I talked to her? "err, hello Pashmina?" No, that wouldn't work. Our relationship would never be the same. Since she understood me, maybe that meant she also loved me. But I could never be sure. What if I did run, what if I still met her again one day? I could imagine it. I wouldn't be able to control myself, I would give her an open-hearted hug and tell her how I feel, and of my grief.

My virtues, my mind, my conscience are all probably tried of me; that's why they want me to be with her. Cure my corruption, end my tragedy.

And yet, if I never met her again what would my life be? Wasted, empty, sullen. What would be my reason for living? Other than to see her smile at me, that was why I live.

Coming to the end of the tunnel, I could see some sunlight, poking through the back entrance of it. It was shrouded in leaves, and the leaves were in a bush, and then the bush was surrounded by bigger bushes, which were surrounded by trees. So it wasn't going to be a simple job to find this entrance.

I pushed the leaves out of my way, and forced my way through the bushes and into a clearing. After being in the tunnel, the bright glare of the sun's rays almost melted holes through the pupils of my eyes. So I didn't realise, I was standing right behind Hamtaro. I almost ran into him, I almost peremptorily knocked him to the ground. Luckily, I was still a few centimetres from him, I had room to back off.

"Bijou! Wait up! I'll walk with you."

I was almost frozen solid. Hamtaro had called out to Bijou, she must only just be ahead of Hamtaro. Surely she would turn around, look through the trees at Hamtaro, then see me behind him.

"Hamtaro! Where are you?"

Good! She didn't know where to look for Hamtaro, but when Hamtaro called out for her again, she would track us down by where his voice was coming from. I couldn't let that happen.

I picked up the club I still held in my right hand. Then struck Hamtaro over his

headâ€|

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I may be a while for the next chapter.

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*NOTE:** I usually reply to reviews made to my stories here, but I just can't be bothered doing that every chapter. . . . From now I am only going to reply to "significant" reviews, that isn't solely a good thing. It can mean a curse as well. So be careful.

**\_Dirtbag\_\*\***

**\_\*\*Virtues Chapter**

**4\*\*\_**

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Hamtaro fell feebly back into my commodious arms. He was in a deep state of unconsciousness, almost in a trance. The perilous weapon in my hand had spilled none of Hamtaro's blood. But still, it had been used to hurt another of my dear friends. Hence, it was dirty, and stained with the dark matter of my circumstances.

Stained too, was my mind of constantly hurting those of whom I love. Hamtaro was out. I hadn't killed him, I would never go as far as to end a friends life. So he resided silently in my arms. Still clinging to the club like it was a secure bond of my hate to my life. I bled small drops through my knuckles, they were blatantly pink through my clutching of my weapon.

Dire was Hamtaro's need that I tend to him, but dire also was my need for getting out of the light clearing I was in. It was being illuminated by the sun and Bijou was about to walk right through the dense, trees and scrub. To find me, alone, dripping blood, hold a life-less Hamtaro.

My pink, heavily pained knuckles burned a bright white as I clenched the club with the extremities of all my deep strength. I guided my hand behind my hand. Careful not to split my head upon the open handle; I flung it with a combined swing of my hand and wrist. I felt the wind soar alluringly behind the force of my throw, trailing with a loud, upcoming gust behind the club.

A dim, close-by rustle crackled in my ear. Turning, I saw a small shrub moving. The leaves on it were small, but numerous. Looking through them I saw Bijou forcing herself through the branches. Searching for Hamtaro. Stepping over some small, collapsed branches, fallen from the heavily-laden trees above me; I hurled Hamtaro into a large clump of bushes, then threw myself into them after him. I was masked by the condensed leaves. They were a shield, holding me away from any commination.

Yet, the sunlight proved me to be improvident. She must have seen, with the help of the sun, the reflection of the light on my fur, making my coat gleam brightly. She walked towards my place of concealment and challenged the intellect I used to hide myself, by putting her hand into the foliage and rummaging through it to find

what she had glimpsed.

Light and swift were my movements underneath the bush to evade her speedy hand, as that so I could remain hidden. I pulled aback from the front edge of the bush and rolled over flat on the ground. Out of her reach, I was temporarily safe. Bijou and Hamtaro's sole passion were each other. If Bijou found out that I had concussed him, I could image her response. A cataract like a waterfall from her eyes. An arm around Hamtaro and perhaps another trying to strangle me.

She would find me out eventually. But with a small convenience of luck. Maxwell and out of a thick clutter of trees and bushes, arm in arm. I didn't give a slightest care of what they said. Ignoring the words spraying from Bijou's mouth, I rolled back behind the bush. Sprang from my solitary place of hiding, and began running towards the clubhouse carrying Hamtaro. Like a newly born child, he did not suppress any of his own weight upon himself. It was all passed through me atop my straining burden of him.

Caught within memories of last night, from memories of nights years ago. My stumbling figure took no notice of the particular path I galloped. Warped, dark images of the past fused to which were the memories of the present. I thought back to where my the virtues of my mind had tortured me. Had first endeavoured into my painfully roughed skull. I began vain efforts to stanch the sudden, rapid flow of my thoughts.

Remembering further back, I had lived in the city, not the clean parts of the city. I lived in a small alleyway, it was cramped but I was happy to be there, and be alive. Flipping through thoughts of my parents, I turned back to Hamtaro to cease the memory.

His head was bruised, black and blue spread through the skin, beneath the silky fur on his head. Parting the fur aside, I saw slight tears in his skin. I would have to mend that, and have a try at abating the swelling on his forehead.

I stalked the aggressive of the uphill terrain, walking stout, and tumultuously whilst steadily heaving a hunched Hamtaro on my shoulders. Painful labour was ferociously whipping my back and spine, carrying my friend over the ruggedness, which I knew, amidst the end of it all. Was a calm flowing stream. A place to stop, and amend the pain I had caused to my comrade.

I conceded the suppression. Daunting the proclamation I had made trying to forget it. I could still almost hear my low-life friend, Ruddi. He wasn't that big, only half my size. In distinction, he had ruffled fur coating his body, regardless of the fact he was a clean hamster compared to many; his fur wasn't. Telling me about a small arm of hamsters, networking underground. He described their workers doing "Hits". Though I knew most would never go so far as killing. They were indefinitely rough to be a part of.

I had beheld most information he had given me. About targets, and different "operations" they had going. More of my friends added up on their staff list. So I went with it. Reluctantly performing some "hits".

From the time I was downhill, across to the time of my final ascent, I was engulfed in thought. My Eden was not in these memories, but

such that which are intertwined within them. The particular memory was my heiau, the generic, gently hamster that I had shared it with was revoked of me swiftly, and consciously without my interference.

I lolled Hamtaro's hair to the side and thoroughly cleansed his wound. Still too suppressed to really care for the present; I was still aloft with myself.

Suddenly coming scantily out of my daze, I felt water splash onto my fur, partially soaking separate parts of my body. Only to then was I to notice the birds, I stared at them with basilisk eyes. A bastion, formed of feathers, skimming the waters. I was brought to my senses, regaining myself, and my capacity for the thought of my flight, I departed, once again, for the journey to the clubhouse.

I had used to call that a home. A haven for my safe thinking and with priorities for my other needs. A small estuary of land was all that was set in my way. Heeding to the vivid cries of my mind; I followed the path it laid out for me.

The sun, coming further through the trees was a beacon warning of how soon other hams would arrive to the clubhouse. Bereft of knowledge of their positions; I walked past the trees and dragged Hamtaro onto the side of the street, not too far from his home. He would regain consciousness soon enough.

The clubhouse was North-West from this road, following it, the trial would lead me right to it. But to avoid the others, and to regain my privacy, I would go West for a few Kilometres or so, then North, further through the dark forest. I set off.

If Pashmina were to appear, at any given second. I would put my arms around her and beg for her forgiveness, as well as her mercy. Pashmina reminded me of her, the Eden of my thoughts. The only light of the past was her. It was mostly my fault she isn't her with me now, holding my hand, paw-in-paw. Her name was Rosa, she was holy, good, nice to me. And beautiful. Whatever she saw in me I had no idea of at the time. Why the fuck had I caused her disparity into ruin?

The gap between my mind and heart was a suicidal leap I dared not take. Slowly, I transcribed into the depths of my memories and began to recap what had happened. Sitting alone, years ago. I had the blood of my parents across me. Silent in the rain. I was big for my age then, but still small never less. I made the transition from the ground to my feet with effort. Blood pounded my chest, through my punctured, and broken ribs.

Walking alone, in both states of my mind, present and past. Going over this memory droned a silent tear from within the corner of my eye. Yet remembering this stillâ€|my blood rose high in its temperature. My knuckles grew white. I barred my teeth like fangs through my jaw. Nobody would screw me over again.

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End  
file.